

Ode to Lynn “Sandy” Andrus, RIP

In our last campus meeting he'd very little hair,
wearing beige trench like a teacher's disguise
or obligation. And a hat of Panama,
maybe Fedora, also beige and covering something, like
he'd never really done til now
because I'd never seen him in a hat
or a cap
or a visor.

His today squeaky voice was strained to emit,
breathing in labor quite far from his depth and
far from his trademark of gentle class cinnamon
with vigor.

But forward he went, still guiding all others
and himself as well
crossing the school like any other day
or night
or afternoon.

And something was missing from that face of his,
formerly fit and stoic intellectual
formerly well-fed and peachy grand masculine
strong or maybe a bit-pinch intimating
in a frame two inches taller than my personal
six feet.

(More)

Dry wit and glib. Brilliance and light.

Details, and so widely much.

Aye, Lynn, you weren't the same as I'd known you to be,

while something mirrored your pain

and grief

hiding on a runway, wanting export and end

spiral of a life that went from peppered and grandeur,

inspiration

to decay

of the brain

with cancer

now on a schedule impossible to skip

one to end so very soon

with the end of life.

Yes, when you perished in a fortnight I was shaken in full,

oddly surprised though I knew it was coming

(as did we all).

What you were you'll always be, in my mind if no other.

As decades buried all the good you did, as workers crushed buildings, the ones you ruled

rooms where you changed my own inner ability

with analysis

and view.

Forever,

and after.